

the children were baptized a Mexican woman with her four-year old child and an Indian squaw, whose girl being already baptized, acted as god-mother to her natural mother. The baptism of a little babe closed the record of that eventful day.

#### AN INDIAN DOG FEAST.

The Ogallala tribe of the Sioux Nation has just had its dog feast. This is the most important function of the year with the tribe. Two hundred unhappy canines gave up their lives, and it required 120 iron pots to hold the questionable delicacy served to the braves. Each one tried to eat more of it than his neighbor, which is a sufficient tribute to the stew.

The feast took place in the camp of Red Dog, about thirty miles north of the Pine Ridge Agency. This camp is located on the famous battle field of Wounded Knee, and nearly every Indian of full and mixed blood in the tribe attended. The eating of dog was only preliminary to the principal business of the council, which was to enumerate the grievances, and select half a dozen delegates to go to Washington and see what the Great Father would do for them.

The most important of the braves met in a big log house where a great fire was blazing in the middle of the room. Nearly eighty pots, in which 140 dogs were stewed, stood grouped about this fire. It was impossible to get the other forty pots into the house, and these were hung over small fires built outside. It was esteemed a great honor by the red men to sit in the house around the big fire and the eighty kettles, but the average white man would regard the others on the outside as the fortunate ones.

When the dogs had been eaten and what was left of the feast given to the women and children, the main work of the council was entered upon.

The Ogallalas are part of the great Sioux family, which has caused the Government more trouble and more expense than nearly all the other Indians in the country. They regard themselves as the natural lords of creation, and imagine that the Government lavishes money and food upon them as a tribute to their prowess and courage, and in fear of their terrible vengeance. They are expensive wards. Since 1868, when Uncle Sam first undertook the task of civilizing them, nearly \$50,000,000 has been spent, and the full-blooded Sioux warrior to-day is as ferocious as his great grandfather was. The educated Indians claim that the whites are responsible for this failure. They say that the Government has made fifty-two treaties with the tribe and violated every one of them.

Nothing can ever eradicate the love of blood and war from the nature of the Sioux. They are a warring nation by tradition and instinct. Generally speaking, they are tall, large boned and athletic. The school children dress like civilized boys and girls, but the older Indians cling to the moccasins, earrings, leggins, eagles' feathers, hedge-hog quills and paint. To these old fathers of the tribe may be attributed much of the trouble with the whites, although there is nothing quite so bad as "an educated Indian boy," who harks back to the ways of his ancestors.

If the gambling instinct and the superstition of the Sioux could be crushed, they might be developed into peaceful, law-abiding citizens. They will stake everything, including their wives and children, on their games of chance. They are played generally with the blue pits of plums carved with symbols, or with bones. While the gambling is going on the monotonous thump of the tom-tom is incessant.

Their superstition gives the medicine man his chance. If the causes of many unexpected massacres could be